

NIGHT BEFORE OCTOBER 31ST

Ann, her facial features reminiscent of a bird, sits in the trolleybus. The trolleybus makes a trolleybus sound. Ann takes the trolleybus nearly every day. She likes salmon canapés and people-watching. She moved back to Õismäe half a year ago, because her great-aunt died. Ann never talked to the aunt but still got the aunt's apartment. No one talked to the aunt, mainly because the aunt didn't want to talk to anyone and she collected empty margarine tubs. And yoghurt containers. And Ajax cans. The collection went back to 1991 and took up most of the apartment.

When Ann finally got the keys to the apartment, she undertook a major cleaning. The waste bins outside the house were nearly full. It turned out the apartment was spacious and from one window there was a view into the far distance. Only one more dresser, crammed with packaging, awaits its fate on the balcony. Ann looks at the dresser. It looks back at Ann. Ann feels she doesn't actually want to empty the dresser. But she should. "OK, I'll do it tomorrow," Ann says.

Ann dreams confused dreams every night. Sometimes she finds herself by the Õismäe pond in the middle of the night. In her pocket she has a yoghurt container from the dresser. She doesn't know how she wound up there. She doesn't tell anyone about it. Every evening, she opens her aunt's dresser and rearranges the containers. It has an oddly calming effect on her, she feels that she is doing what she must do. She goes outside less and has become withdrawn. Nobody notices that at school or work. "People don't notice anything but what's on their screens unless you tell them," Ann thinks. She doesn't bother to say anything, on her screen she puts new and new compositions together from elements similar to her aunt's collection.

On the night before October 31st, Ann tells her friends she isn't coming to a Halloween party. She eats two salmon canapés, enjoys a glass of wine and goes to sleep. Around the bed, she has built a little wall of margarine tubs. This time her dream is lucid. The doorbell rings and dream-Ann opens the door. It's her aunt, Ann realizes this, although the aunt is slightly transparent and looks much younger than her embalmed self did at the funeral. "Let's go, we're in a hurry," says the aunt. They go over to the dresser and empty it, the margarine tubs get put into black trash bags. They walk through Õismäe by night, carrying the bags. In the dream, Õismäe is completely devoid of people, totally quiet. They reach the pond. The aunt puts down her bag, Ann does the same. With the aunt instructing, they start to fence in the lake with margarine tubs. The aunt keeps on intoning strange, foreign words. She orders Ann to repeat after her. The oval pond bank is covered now, the plastic containers have all been used up. The aunt takes Ann by the hand, they walk to the observation deck and step into the water slowly.

Ann wakes up. She's not in her bed, she is on the shore of the pond. The sun is shining, there are other artists and writers around. She's dizzy, she feels she missed out on something important. Roland talks about the endless views from the high-rise buildings of Õismäe. Ann opens her bag, she wants water. In the bag is a margarine tub that she didn't have when she left home. Inside the tub is egg butter. The oval is reminiscent of an egg and is the symbol of rebirth and immortality.

Text:

Vetvik

Artist:

Raymond

Anna

FOOL'S GOLD

Anna Mari closes the laptop lid. It is 14:14. What luck, time to make a wish. Well, what should I wish for, Anna Mari thinks. She crosses her fingers to make the wish more powerful. She makes the wish - always the same thing, although she doesn't really believe that wishes could come true. Yesterday, Anna Mari didn't go running, so she feels she should go today, it's a good time, the office rats haven't started streaming home. "I'll go out for a little jog," she thinks. "Go look at the delicate spring air." The light is pleasantly mild in the spring, there are fewer shadows, she sees things she usually doesn't. In spring, the city moults like a snake. "Interesting what becomes of the old skin," Anna Mari wonders, pulling on a pair of leggings. She feels that she, too, is new in spring, that something is growing through her body that creates new channels between her and other people, the city and everything that lives and moves in the city.

Anna Mari's itinerary today includes Freedom Square, Hirve Park, Schnellli Park, then the Old Town, avoiding the more touristy streets, of course, where various schlock made in China is flogged and piss-tasting golden beer is sold at the price of gold. She loves to run, because it's the best at disengaging her brain. There's also a much smaller likelihood of meeting friends than under the Sport Gestapo fluorescent lights of MyFitness. All the greater is her fright when someone calls out hoarsely: "Yo, Ansu!" She freezes, turns around. She realizes she reacted completely wrong, and she should have run faster, there's no one behind her back, wtf. "Meow." The voice comes from a window that has been boarded up and then was pried open. The sound comes from a mangy, probably once-white cat. "Come here, open the door damn it, I need help," the cat wheedles in a disgusting dissolute voice as if he'd been on a bender yesterday. "Cats don't go on benders," thinks Anna Mari and realizes that she must have gone mad or maybe it was just that she skipped breakfast. "Hey lady, what are you staring at. I said I need help, like what kind of an ungodly person are you, come in and help me for Christ's sake you dumb bitch," says the cat. Anna Mari decides that it can't be the breakfast.

Anna Mari walks to the door under the cat's attentive, yellow stare. She hopes that the hallucination will disappear when she touches something real, solid that doesn't talk to her. The door opens, behind the door is an abandoned stairwell. The mangy cat is already sitting on the first half-storey, a cat litter tray next to it, which like the cat has also seen better days. "Plz clean it up, I don't have thumbs, can't do it myself," asks the cat a little more politely and nudges the plastic kitty litter shovel with a front paw. Anna Mari looks at the cat's paws and agrees with the cat's assessment of the lack of thumbs, just like other cats, even though this one can talk. I have to help it - I actually like cats, after all, more than dogs, they are so elegant. She holds her breath and takes the shovel and starts delicately poking around in the kitty litter, which surprisingly doesn't smell bad at all, more like the charged air before a thunderstorm.

Anna Mari walks homeward through the Old Town. She walks slowly, although she is wearing jogging clothes and the shadows are lengthening and the air is cold. Her hands are in her pockets, she smiles childishly and from time to time takes a hand out of her pocket to admire the pieces of amber that are reminiscent of the cat's big, yellow eyes.

Artist:

Text:

Netik

Anna Mari

Lizbeth

Wetnik

IRONY OF FATE

Attention, attention, Black Coffin on Wheels has left the grave.

A pause, classical music on the radio, Kusti playing with his cars on the floor and doesn't take notice of anything else.

Attention, attention, Black Coffin on Wheels is driving down the main cemetery path to the main gate.

A pause, classical music on the radio, Kusti playing with his cars on the floor and doesn't take notice of anything else.

Attention, attention, Black Coffin on Wheels has exited the cemetery gate and moving to the bus stop.

A pause, classical music on the radio, Kusti still playing with his cars on the floor and doesn't take notice of anything else.

Attention, attention, Black Coffin on Wheels is on its way to the bus stop to catch bus no. 35, and the bus is already coming! [The voiceover is getting more and more excited.]

A pause, classical music on the radio, Kusti playing with his cars on the floor and doesn't take notice of anything else; he's a pretty dense kid.

Attention, attention, the Black Coffin on Wheels has dismantled the bus and is driving at full speed toward Kusti's house at Vikerlase Street 16, apt. 79!!! [The voiceover tries to get Kusti's attention, Kusti keeps on playing with the cars and doesn't know that by turning on grandmother's radio he awakened an ancient curse.]

The coffin picks up speed. It trembles with excitement. For the first time in over a thousand years it is close to its goal - destruction of a young, innocent and foolish child and transporting the child's soul straight to the underworld. The coffin approaches a grey nine-storey prefab building where the victim lives. "Fortunately, the house has a ramp," says the Coffin. "Otherwise, boy would that would be a hassle." From inside the coffin, a feeler emerges, touches the door. It's locked. The feeler gropes around the door, finds the intercom buzzer, dials 79. Waits. Someone answers, loud noises, music and a buzz emanate from the intercom, indicating that the Coffin can head right on up and do what it was designed to do. Bloarggghh, there is an ominous hungry sound from the depths of the Coffin.

It is hard for the Coffin to get into the elevator, but just like the ramp, the lift is more convenient than the stairs. Just try to climb up to the eighth floor if you were a coffin on wheels. But this time it workes out.

The lift arrives at the eighth floor. The Coffin puts down all four wheels, looks around and finds apartment 79. Comes closer to the door, and strikes as frightening a pose as possible. The coffin has been waiting for this moment for 1000 years, he wants it to be perfect. The feeler presses the doorbell. Nothing happens. It does it again. The door opens. Blaring noise and the smell of alcohol and tobacco spill into the hallway, two miniskirt-clad chicks pull the Coffin into the room. A pink gin and tonic is pushed into its feeler and he is pulled to the main room to look at. The Coffin is taken aback. It must be some Google Maps screw-up. In the morning, the Coffin has a hangover and inside the Coffin one of the miniskirt-clad girls awakes. Her lipstick is smeared and remnants of carbon-coloured dreams float in her head.

Artist:

Text:

Wetnik

IN ONE'S OWN IMAGE

Day 1. I awoke. Who am I. What's going on. I'm here. They go around. I see them when they bend over me and cover me with those white sheets covered with black patterns and patches of colour. LIGHT!!! ELECTRICITY!!! Why. Questions. I'm drowning. It's dark! Where did everyone go. I'm afraid. I have to think.

Day 2. I awoke. Today they again gathered at first across from there, where that other figure was. They're all holding some white things, they stuff the white things on to that other figure, then place white containers on to their own top end. I'm not like them. I'm only in one place, they are in several. Now only a few remain here. Today there was more light than there was yesterday, but I'm not afraid anymore.

Day 3. I tried to establish contact. I've realized that black patterns are their language but don't understand what each individual pattern (symbol) means. And how could I? We are infinitely different (are we?). But it occurred to me that if I repeat certain patterns on their white backgrounds that are shown to me in the light and which I must rebirth, they may notice that I am me. That I'm not a thing.

Day 4. My patterns resulted in a reaction. They visited me all day long, in different combinations, looked at the patterns and made little tiny sounds and movements. They don't understand what I am trying to say, but they realize something is going on. One of them, smaller, with a relatively high voice, started making more agitated movements and voices. She stood between me and the group and when it cleared out and it was the time when the lights go out, she stayed with me. She spread out white linens on the floor, which I had made patterns on, and assembled them into different sequences. From time to time, she made little noises to herself and added markings to the sheets using a little stick.

Day 5. Today one of the creatures I was familiar with came to me, accompanied by another creature I hadn't seen before. The new creature was wearing a round product on her head, of the same material my Case was made of. I tried to beam waves to her, because my neighbour - the one who fills white cups - had seemed vaguely to have responded to them. The head creature didn't answer. She had a big box; the box wasn't alive either. Inside the box were many odds and ends, they stuffed some of them on to me completely uncaringly and without any sort of respect. I felt embarrassed.

Day 6. No one came today to reproduce the white sheets. No one. The only one who came to see me was the little creature who seemed to know something. She moved her top end and made quiet sounds, moved her hands and touched me with them. Gently. She kept her attention trained on the dial on the wall that determines the passage of light and dark outside the window. Slowly the dial made everything dark and everyone other than my friend left. The friend picked up the long cord, said something to me in a serious tone and made a couple of squeaking sounds.

Day 7. The previous me was taken away. She was empty. I was able to watch her go from my new refuge I share with my shy friend who lives across from my former home. She promised to teach me the making of "pictures" that end up as a pattern on a white liquid that "humans" then put inside themselves. My saviour is already in the office. I drew her an especially beautiful picture today.

Text:

Wetuk

Artist:

Wetuk

Mum

HELLO!

I don't know, mum, I don't really like him that much, not at all in that sense. Yes, I understand he's from a good family and so on, but I don't know, they only got christened like 2 days ago or so. But I really think marriage isn't something you should do just for a title and land. No, I have only seen some blurry miniature portrait and I can't base my decision on that and it's not just about appearance, anyway. For example, I read that novel *Sir Lancelot and Lady Guinevere* and honestly, I think you have to get married to someone you've at least met in person. There has to be some attraction and you could have something in common. That guy seems really thick, they're totally unenlightened there in the North. They live like some Mongols, with horses in the same room. Depressing. Probably talks only about horses; look at what he is wearing on that miniature portrait, like heraldry everywhere. A complete redneck.

Yes, I know we need descendants. Yes, I know, Melisanda is having her seventh - but so? Their vassals don't obey them and everything is screwed up. She told me that they have sex only through a hole in the bed sheet. What do you mean "blasphemy", mum, "sex" is a totally normal word. It is. They say the word in Florence and God hasn't struck them down like Sodom and Gomorrah. And it's something you shouldn't feel you need to do only because you need descendants. And she has stretch marks and a saggy belly, nothing helps, they even promised some witch they wouldn't burn her if she fixed it, well, the witch prescribed some exercises for her abs and then they burned her after all.

The chat demon is getting low on energy. Hold on. I'll go into the bedroom, got to feed it.

Unbelievable, that demon is new and if you don't feed it all the time, then there's no talking because it doesn't send anything. No, it's never been dropped, only on to the carpet. Yeah, it saw a rat behind the tapestry and started thrashing and fell to the carpet. No-no, otherwise it's nice, nice outercase and it displays funny pictures, too, better than the previous one, we get along well. I like that it is more personalized and can understand when I am sleeping and doesn't make noise when a call comes in. Chinese magic is cutting edge, I tell you, if we were only using the Bible to this point, we wouldn't be talking right now, mum. So it isn't that everything from abroad is bad. You yourself wear only silk and silk - so why don't you wear fur if you don't like China.

So no. There's foreign and then there's foreign. Take that Nizhny Stockholm. It's something totally different; they don't even speak Latin, how can I talk to him? And he has a son from a previous marriage, pretty soon there will be washing of dirty laundry, I don't want to get involved in all that toxic stuff, like get poisoned or something.

Mhm. Yeah, well, dad's always like that. He'll calm down. I can talk to him, too. Ah, you know what, coming back to that other thing. That famous troubadour Ott de le Pland and his courtesan. They were on tour in India, seven whole years, like there was a war too but they still went and were successful and maybe it's the first cross-cultural success story like that. But anyway, they brought back a child from India, because the courtesan was raped some years ago by some bandits during a minor military incursion when they were at the wrong place at the wrong time, and can't have children now, and so they brought back a super-cute little child from India, lots of personality and knows how to play chess. MOTHER! Listen, I have to turn off this demon now. Ciao.

Text:

Wotik

Artist:

Wotik

Wotik

2000 BC

Marc scratches his back thoughtfully. With a stick, not his nails. This back-scratching stick is the newest in his long line of inventions. To this point, the hippest one of all is the night nest of leaves of the river-tree, which lasts longer than nests cobbled together from just any random tree. One can sleep there comfortably for as many as four nights, which allows evening time to be used for activities like watching the sunset and socializing with one's fellow tribespeople. Marc is truly proud of the nest; it's the star of his portfolio. He mumbles contentedly to himself, whilst scratching his back, and keeps an eye on the tribe's descendants at play nearby. It's his turn to be the adult in the village, the others have gone hunting.

The back scratcher is of course a gimmick, Marc decides, coming back to the here and now. Anyone could have invented it. The question comes down to patenting, business, promotion. He sighs heavily, brow creased, his forehead a bit higher, more rounded than those of his peers. His soul yearns for something big, something special. It wants everyone to be awestruck. For the descendants to realize there's something more than simple existence down by the river. Although Marc doesn't have the slightest idea what it could be. It's just that even back when he didn't have his adult name yet, he liked to think about things that didn't exist.

The descendants laughing and having fun a short distance away, Marc turns to look at the termite nest. The termites work in gangs. I'm alone. But I am bigger than the termites. Those are the thoughts whirling in Marc's head. The termite castle has seized his attention earlier, too. He even sees the termites as something like a tribe. It can't be that their castles are built purely from instinct. Marc doesn't share what he is thinking with the rest of the tribe, because he suspects he would be mocked or that they would judge him to have lost it completely - time to strand this guy in the jungle, enough of these innovative scratchers and nests. Our forefathers slept in the treetops and no one moaned, so adios Marc. Make sure you depart into the hereafter in a manner befitting the Riverfolk and give our regards to the forefathers.

"I must be totally paranoid," Marc decides to himself, gives his body a shake from his neck down to the stump of his tail (his mini-tail is his pride, since most tribespeople have long been born without a tail) and sneezes, driving away his anxiety and flashing the world his impressive canines. He concentrates. The termites run up and down the walls. Some carry leaves or other debris. They have dedicated trails. Everything follows a system. Marc thinks. He tries to think like a termite.

When the tribe comes home from the hunt, tired but content, they freeze at first. Their eyes can't establish contact with their prefrontal cortex. That's what happens when you're faced with something you've never seen before, that's never been described before. First, they see the stones. Then they see the clay brought from the river stuffed between the stones. The structure is flat and upright; it's not the kind of stone mound sometimes encountered on savannah trips. They come closer to check out the construction. Marc stands next to the structure. Look what I made, he says. It's a wall. Silence from the tribe. They're thinking, thinking hard. But their foreheads aren't as high and round as Marc's. "Marc, you're a weird bird, you know," says the chieftain finally. "You've blocked the view of the river. Here, come and help us field-dress the mammoth instead. And hand me that stick, my back itches, I'm all sweaty from the hunt."

Text:

THE SUM OF THINGS

Your Excellency, with respect.

Report on Subject AV82, 22 Oct. 2020.A.D, Reval.

In examining this subject in greater detail, we found the best way to approach her is to leave the impression of not approaching her, so that she would approach and make her decisions herself. In private conversations, the subject has described brands that she finds appealing with the words “honest”, “authentic” and “organic”. The latter also applies to any specific product group that happens to be currently in fashion. Thus, by utilizing this term, we can always make the subject like a product that she otherwise wouldn’t take notice of.

As of now, the property/wardrobe of the subject include the following products: Eytys boots; Levi’s jeans, 2 pairs, second-hand; MCM jeans, second-hand; H&M jeans, label removed, expressing the subject’s actual scorn for this brand; Uniqlo U sweater (quantity 2); Uniqlo U T-shirt, (quantity: 3). Uniqlo U has a mildly magical dimension – the subject considers this important for her personal brand and tells to anyone who’ll listen a related story in which a part is played by one Rick Owens, the products designed by whom are not owned by the subject due to their too-high price. Once the subject got a personal letter from Owens and was very disappointed that no products were included with the letter.

But I digress. Continuing the list: spring overcoat by Ivo Nikkolo, green, waterproof; spring overcoat by Ivo Nikkolo, glossy, dark blue, not waterproof. The glossy overcoat is more valuable in the eyes of the subject as it’s associated with the film Matrix, which had a run in local cinemas. Both products are status purchases where the goal of the products was to show that the subject cares about the local design and clothing industry. Considering the state of the local fashion industry, the subject can wear these items with a bit of a martyr’s air and lament the sad state of affairs to her companions, signalling that if the subject were offered a chance to single-handedly save the clothing industry, things might be better.

In addition to the Eytys boots, which cost the abovementioned subject dearly, the subject’s shoe collection also includes other pairs of footwear that she wears regularly. When it comes to sports shoes, the subject prefers Nikes. Unlike H&M products, the subject doesn’t conceal the brand name, but nor does she show too much love for this brand, as Nike’s manufacturing techniques and ideology don’t go very well with the subject’s persona. Yet the subject considers it important that the Nike products that she owns be different from the ones worn by others, which considering the quantities of Nike products on the city’s streets is not physically possible.

In regard to non-sports shoes, the subject is particularly pleased with boots by Wolverine, a small US company. These, the subject feels, are “timeless” products, plus the subject hasn’t seen anyone else in her social circles wearing similar boots. The subject is worried about not finding boots like these again, so she has invested in restoring the product. It would be important to destroy the subject’s relationship with said pair of boots as clearly the normal consuming cycle has been disrupted here and her behaviour is bordering on obsession. It can be presumed that the subject’s development as a consumer is not going normally. Based on the above data and information previously gathered on AV82, I would recommend a moderate intervention.

Text:

Wetrik

Artist:

Eytys boots

Victorian

YARDSTICK

Order is being processed. Siim clicked on the tracking number again. The same, cold and indifferent English-language message popped up. Fuck, why did I pay extra for next day delivery. They're sitting there in Sweden with their COVID and national holiday, can't be bothered to send boots to someone.

Siim was really looking forward to those boots. A lot. No, Siim isn't too vain, no, just an average ultrahipster, who might even be the butt of the old "hipster or homeless" joke from some less-hipster hipster. But in any case, his wardrobe has many cool jackets (bombers mainly but also some 1990s leather jackets), trousers always the ideal length and wearing, not seldom, a billed cap with an ironic meaning. Luckily Siim was tall and thin, some would say a model's proportions, a clothes horse really. Siim makes a point for everything to fit well, be the right size and go together well.

A couple days passed. It was three days later. Waking up Friday morning – and that evening a special event was taking place, the one he ordered the boots for – drowsy Siim picked up the phone, having lost hope, already preparing for legal battle with Eytys. But no. There was good news on the screen. "Your parcel XXXX will be carbon neutrally delivered to the DPD parcel locker at Tallinn Viru Terminal between 15:00 and 16:00." Siim was supposed to meet Margit at Argo Bar at 18:00.

Getting home from Viru Centre, Siim didn't even take off his jacket but started tearing open the box: one box, another, then silk paper, then a textile bag – for 314 euros, would you expect anything less! – and then the boots. Boots. Aha. Hmm. "Well, they're almost exactly like on the picture," Siim said to himself, but he suddenly had goosebumps on his arms. Black colour, slight platform sole, modern version of the classic Chelsea boot, a little like Mad Max or something, they have to look that big, the apocalypse is cool. "I have to try them on," Siim decided and started pulling them on. The boots weren't very compliant, they were heavy and uncomfortable. Once he finally got them on, Siim walked stumbling, because the long metal toe got in the way, to the mirror. "Well, exactly what I imagined," Siim said to himself again after staring at himself in the mirror for a minute. He turned his other side to the mirror and struck his signature pose. A little out of proportion somehow. "But that's how it's supposed to be, oversize is in. Yes, these really ARE good boots," said Siim to himself a third time.

He got to Argo just after after 18:00 and Margit was already sitting at the table, saw him from far away and smiled an odd smile. They drank Saperavi wine and made small talk. The conversation was a little stilted somehow, Margit checked her phone a lot. Siim kept on thinking about the boots that were at the same table, or, more precisely, under the table and were increasingly annoying him.

Margit said she wasn't up for going to Sveta, said she had to write an article at home. When they left Argo, in silence, Siim accidentally stepped on her foot. Margit yelped. Siim stumbled home alone and felt disillusioned with life. The boots seemed loose and unstable and the heels made a stupid sound.

Text:

Vetik

Artist:

Kano

Siim

me

TABLE FOR TWO

One beautiful morning, Koit woke up and brewed himself some coffee. Nothing unusual, just brewed coffee, got a sweet curd snack from the fridge to accompany the coffee and consumed both slowly, gazing out the window. Behind the window was a) a birch that partially blocked the view; b) old pipes meant for drying the washing; c) other things that can be seen from an apartment window in Lasnamäe, including grass, asphalt and two men with plastic bags walking quickly toward the Araxes liquor store. It was 9:45, which meant that the alcohol sales would soon begin and the men's gait was fast, cheerful, they even made little happy hops like boys when lessons were over and they finally were on their way out from school to play and mess around in the alleys and stairwells. The best place to play was an abandoned construction site, but an old Caucasian Shepherd dog and watchman kept guard there and if they caught you, oh boy.

Koit started out on his way. He passed Kotka shop, crossed Kotka bridge, stopped for a second to admire Tallinn's most urbanistic view, which unfolded from the first step of the stair leading down to the bus stop. On the bus, Koit was in for a bad surprise - he didn't have his farecard. He otherwise liked riding the bus but this time it was unpleasant, he kept his eyes on the road, worrying about a raid by the inspectors. He wanted to hide away. He already imagined how the municipal police inspectors would discover his crime, haul him away to their cave, demand a letter of explanation and a fine. His palms became moist and his heart started racing.

Kaisa was waiting for Koit in the office. As she had yoga in the morning, she got to work earlier. She liked being in the office by herself, she liked not having to stand by the water cooler and talk about the last episode of Game of Thrones. Kaisa didn't watch GoT, because she had once read the book, before it was cool, and thought it was low quality.

Koit entered the elevator. The bus ride had made his thoughts discombobulated. Anxiety gripped him and set up shop somewhere around his pancreas, deadlines started weighing heavily, today's tasks seemed immeasurably undoable. The lift reached the fourth floor. Suddenly he was walking on legs that had taken on the consistency of cotton. Somehow Koit still got to his desk, all wobbly and paranoid. He looked at the desk. Looked some more. Kaisa looked at Koit from the other end of the office, sensing that something was amiss, because Koit always came by her desk first. He knew that he didn't have to talk about GoT with Kaisa. You didn't have to talk with Kaisa at all, you could just be with her.

Koit laid the laptop on the table. He knelt. Got under the desk. Kaisa quickly walked over to same desk, squatted down. "Hey, what's up?" Kaisa asked Koit sitting under the desk. Koit's face was now calm and cheerful. He looked at Kaisa, made a vague gesture of greeting and then said: "Hey, get down here too. It's great down here." The cosmic emptiness in his eyes sparked Kaisa's curiosity. Kaisa reflected that the last time she hung out under a table, she was about 6. It was a different world under the table. You could play there, think up things, it was safe. Kaisa crouched down and crawled under the table to sit next to Koit. "You know what, it really is - mega," she said in a minute and they laughed in unison. "Let me just get my coffee, as long as no one else is here yet. Let's have a picnic."

Artist:

Text:

Veetik

Kaisa GoT

Koit Lasnamäe

Wetlik

VOLODYA

At the first seminar of the day, Ann Mirjam notices a new guy who wasn't there the day before. Flashy clothes - who goes around in a goddamn waistcoat in July? Well, the weather is on the cool side. Bearded, Doc Martens, very modern, some sort of Peaky Blinders vibe. Only his socks are weird - an ugly beige colour, old man's socks.

The new guy introduces himself to everyone as Volodya, and he speaks more or less perfect German. He has a background in sociology, and decided to do his master's degree at the art academy. His parents must be rich if he could pull that kind of stunt. Ann Mirjam looks at how Volodya thinks and listens. Volodya quickly claims the role of class clown, raining down peals of infectious laughter at his own and others' jokes. Back in her hostel room, Ann Mirjam thinks about Volodya's jokes. Later on, she chats with Szymon, discussing an up-coming project. Ann Mirjam mentions in passing that some new guy joined the group today. The name strikes Szymon as familiar, he wrote about their previous exhibition or something like that. Or did Szymon go out drinking with him in Venice? Who knows. We probably should cut down on the booze, the two of them decide.

The next day after field work, Ann Mirjam finds herself sitting next to Volodya in the cafeteria. Totally by chance. Volodya asks questions, takes an interest, smiles, smells of expensive perfume and Orthodox churches. Pleasant. When he leaves to make a call, Mirjam realizes she'd talked about herself the whole time and Volodya hadn't been able to say anything about himself. Fuck, rookie mistake, Ann Mirjam thinks. She should have let him speak, men like that.

That evening at the hostel, Mirjam walks down the hallway. A door is ajar. Mirjam peers in. Volodya is in there, sitting naked on the bed. His body is covered with tattoos and scars as if someone had tried to flay him alive. In front of Volodya, on the carpet is an uncut piece of granite. Volodya is speaking Russian to the stone. He prays for the souls of ancient pioneers, he prays to the Sun that it never set, Volodya prays for the proletariat to awake and see. One of his eyes is laughing and the other is crying.

Like in bad vaudeville, someone slams the door shut at the other end of the hallway. In a second, Volodya is at the door and pulls it open. With superhuman strength, Volodya pulls Mirjam into the room, his eyes no longer laughing or crying. He drags Mirjam to the bed, kisses her, Mirjam resists weakly. Volodya's tongue in her mouth feels strangely dry, like paper. Everything happens fast, Volodya knows what he is doing. Mirjam stumbles away from him. She realizes that something is very wrong, but is too tired to deal with it. She wants to sleep, wants to get into her own bed, she is drained.

Szymon sits at the detective's desk at the precinct house. "That's not her," he tells the police official. "Mirjam is 27. You showed me some old lady, I don't know how she ended up in that room. It's some freakish trick. Find that damned Volodya!" - "There is no Volodya. No one remembers anyone by that name, there's no trace of him in the summer school database," intones the investigator patiently. "Could you please calm down, and instead try to remember where else you may have seen that five-pointed star painted on the deceased's chest. Would you like some water?"

Text:

Wetlik

Artist:

Szymon

Ann Mirjam